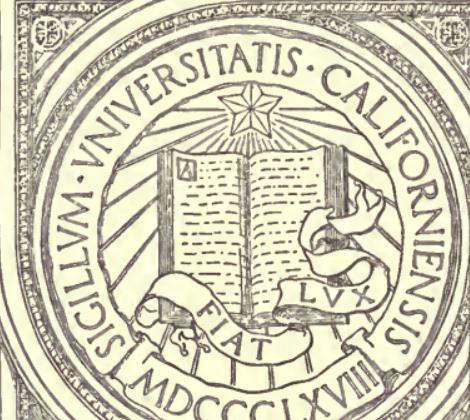


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AND
SATAN UNBOUND

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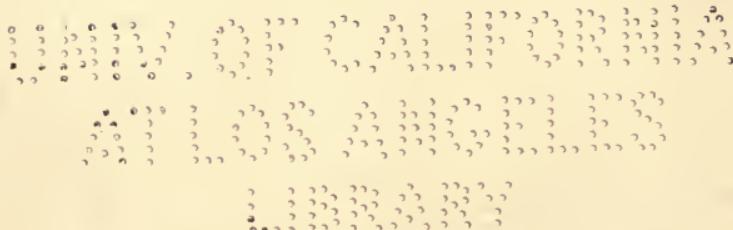
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DELILAH

LOVE'S TESTAMENT

POEMS OF REVOLT
AND
SATAN UNBOUND

By
G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERRY



NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY

1911

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POEMS OF REVOLT

POEMS OF REVOLT



INVOCATION

O THOU Mother, and mistress, and muse,
Through the desperate days of the year,
When the ghosts of dead hours haunt the hearth,
With compassion and comfort be near.

In the whip of a merciless wind,
How the world with its weariness writhes,
While the barren tree silently points
To the fugitive moon in the skies.

All my heart is an ember consumed,
And my youth is a garment outworn,
For the roses of love that is fled,
In the present have put forth a thorn.

In the pitfalls and snares of the past
I have fallen, and sinned against thee,
I have bowed to the yoke of the world,
I thy poet, thy chosen, born free.

POEMS OF REVOLT

I have clothed me in manifold lies
That my days might be wrapped in their ease,
I have hated thy truth, I have strayed
Through the perilous pathways of peace.

I have murmured the maxims of men
With the lazy indulgence of slaves,
I have walked with the fool, I have hid
From thy light in the dark of thy caves.

I have said, "They are legion, alas,
"Shall I war with impossible things,
"Shall I follow the path of the sun,
"To the sound of invisible wings?"

"For men move as the universe moves
"In a circle that does not advance,
"Shall I tilt with our destiny, dare
"Risk the delicate shaft of my lance?"

But the hope of my heart has betrayed
All the reasoned reflection of man,
Shall the soldier seek peace at the hearth
When the battle cry rouses the van?

In the night, in the terrible night
Comes the moaning and mourning of men;
And the sound of the serpent of Strife,
Like the hissing of snakes in a den.

POEMS OF REVOLT

For in heaven, alas, is no god
While a victim is writhing in hell,
Yea, and who shall cry out in his pride,
“ Though the world weep, with me all is well ”?

Therefore, out of the rapture of rest,
I who fled am returned unto thee,
With a song and the sword thou hast blest
To do battle, till all men be free.

Even were it a dream, then the dream
Is in truth worth a cycle of pain.
Who shall say that the sun shall not gleam
Behind torrents and tempests of rain!



THE HOUSE OF HOPE

STRANGER, what house in the dark of the night
Looms like a castle that harbors delight,
Girded with garlands, and smilingly dressed,
Glowing with warmth like a haven of rest,
Say then what Goddess, what mortal so blessed
Holds this dominion in fee to her might?

This is the House of Hope, all may behold,
Welcome, the watchword, the passport of old,
Beggar and pauper and poet within

POEMS OF REVOLT

Feast in their glory and pray for their sin.
All who escape from despair here may win
Welcome and warmth and a friend in the fold.

High in her tower sits Hope at her loom
Saving the victims of Life from their doom,
High in the tower a light that shall shine
Dimming the darkness a signal and sign.
Tended by Hope like a vestal divine
Glowing with Beauty that burns through the gloom.

High in the tower she sits, and she sings
Songs of her fashioning, songs that have wings
Slumbering sorrow, and songs whence joy springs;
Dreams too she weaves of a justice for man,
Dreams of a world that the future shall plan
Hope to the outcast her pitying brings.

She alone feeds with her hand liberty,
She alone bids man endure, to be free,
She alone lights and leads humanity.
Prisoner, sorrower, dreamer, take heart,
Lend her your loyalty, stand ye apart,
Battle, my brothers, for ye, and for me.

POEMS OF REVOLT

ODE TO AMERICA

COUNTRY, my country, superb in thy pride,
Towering with mountains, and wood of the tide,
Lulled to the lure of a thunderous lyre
As the wind sweeps thy forests with fingers of fire,
Shining with cities that sparkle their light
Dazzling as stars in the skirts of the night.
Marvellous, multiple, marching along,
Oh, take heed and beware of the sob in thy song!

Since thou art hailed as the land of the free,
Who are the thousands that march listlessly,
Eyes full of anger and hate on each face,
Of what nation are they and what race is their race?
Whence come these slaves, and what terrible foe
Casts on our shores all its wreckage of woe?
Tell me, ye weary, whence come ye, and why
Are ye like a brute herd that is led forth to die?

“Starving and stricken with fever and want,
“Broken with bitterness, weary of cant,
“We are thy children who seek, who demand
“Either freedom to live or to die by thy hand.
“Mammon, a monster of terrible greed,
“Tramples our ranks, and makes sport of our need,
“Many are idle, and many in pain
“For the labor that cripples them cry out in vain!”

POEMS OF REVOLT

Country, my country, the sun on thy brow,
Sacred and strong, sets the seal of thy vow.
Where is thy help, and what might is thy might
If the babe thou hast reared is to die in thy sight ?
Gird thee, awake thee, come down from thy lair,
Famine devours, greed befools what was fair.
Hallow the vow that was born of thy breath
Lest there be desolation, destruction and death.

Did not the mountains take heed and give ear,
Did not the forests, majestic, austere,
Murmur with multiple leaves “ Liberty ”
And the shore whisper it to the pulsating sea ?
Did not the nations of all men rejoice,
Heartened with happiness, hearing thy voice ?
Is it not treasured deep down in thy caves
And the sea has it not hid thy word in her waves ?



THE BEGGARS

SORDID stroller of the street,
Eyes of hunger, shuffling feet,
What have I to do with thee
And thy trailing misery— ?

Take this pittance, turn away,
Go thy aimless, angry way,
Dull resentment in thy mind
Smouldering against mankind.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Why, within my secret room,
Through the softly-scented gloom,
By the fireside's glint and glow,
Steals the vision of thy woe?

*Say what wrong did I to thee
To endure thy misery?*

Who art thou, and who am I?
Does some deep affinity
Bid me hear thy baffled cry,
Smite me with thine agony?

Not the very lips of love,
Murmuring, are heard above
That wild weeping in the night,
Shivering our vain delight.

*I beseech thee, take from me
Thy intruding misery!*

Thou hast stricken my content,
Joy before thee steals away,
Happiness, the heaven sent,
Hungering is held at bay.

Wreck of wandering weariness,
Mine, the blight of thy distress
Turning here, and turning there,
I behold thee everywhere!

POEMS OF REVOLT

*Lift thy curse, the curse from me,
Beggar, of thy misery!*

Hollow, haggard, in the glass
Thy face is my face, alas!
Beggar, thou art one with me,
One with my humanity—!



THE PRISONER

*(To the author of “A Ballad of Reading Gaol”
and “The Soul of Man Under Socialism”)*

No jailer sits before the door,
No turnkey shouts, “All’s Well,”
No sentry paces up the floor,
No bugle, and no bell
Rings its commands to fettered hands,
My jail is wide as Hell.

Behind the scars of iron bars,
That stripe the light of day,
They have not cast a man to shame,
Nor hidden me away,
I bear an all untarnished name
Upon my prison way.

POEMS OF REVOLT

I wear a well known uniform,
We count a million men,
Who march the street from night to morn,
From morn to night again.
Each in the rags that are our tags,
Our livery of scorn.

Despair we call our corporal,
Our marshall, Poverty!
We have no muster, no roll call,
Too numerous are we;
And some are short, and some are tall,
But all are sad to see.

No daily rations are our fare,
No water and no bread,
We feed upon God's own pure air,
The statesmen find us fed!
If we complain, alas in vain,
We soon are quieted.

They hang the murderer with mirth,
And then they cut him down,
They give him six feet two of earth,
Here in the crowded town.
In vain through life, I seek with strife
A square foot of my own.

I thought, his sleep is sweet and deep,
I envied him his rest,
Alas, the priest cried, "Watch and weep,

POEMS OF REVOLT

“What, would you die unblessed?
“The suicide shall sorrow reap
“In hell all unconfessed.”

And then I climbed the prison wall,
It was well kept within,
There each man sat at even fall,
Well guarded for his sin,
Each had a bed, a loaf of bread,
Would I could such fare win.

I cried, “O prison, shelter me!”
The guard cried, “Get along.”
“I am a criminal.” “We’ll see!”
“What have you done that’s wrong?”
The magistrate said, grim as fate,
“He’s giving us a song!”

“Contempt of court; ten shillings, sir,
“Or ten days, take your choice—”
My brain was in a perfect whirr.
“Ten days!” joy broke my voice.
“Hard labor too’s the cure for you—”
A job! O boys, rejoice!

I’ve got a job, that none can rob,
A week of honest toil,
The bath, the bed don’t cost a bob,
A book by Conan Doyle.
God! after that—I choked a sob,
I’ll sleep on harder soil.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Up spoke a youngster, "I protest,
"Your Honor, let him go,
"I'll pay his fine—" "Perhaps 'tis best,
"Discharged!" My luck, you know.
"Thank God," said he, "for liberty!"
I stood out in the snow!

The wind goes swinging down the street,
The wind sits in the tree,
It has no home and no retreat,
Twin wanderers are we—
I slip along; I've done no wrong,
So no wall shelters me.

Then Death and Life walked either side,
Each held a weary hand,
Said Life, "I will not be his bride,
"Come join him to thy band,
"So lean and lorn, and so forlorn,
"His destiny is planned."

But with a sigh, Death made reply,
And turned his head away,
"I follow only when men fly,
"I seize unwilling prey,
"The outcast's call none heeds at all,
"He has no debt to pay!"

"Cast dice for him"—Then in a trice,
I saw that they were three;
One look alone did quite suffice

POEMS OF REVOLT

To show mine enemy!
Death vanished, Life gave up the strife,
For there stood *Misery!*



BETRAYED

RUSSIA, January 5, 1905.

WHO are these in the light of the morning
In a silent and sorrowful throng,
Without arms, without sound, as of singing,
Without music, thus marching along?

They are peaceful, pathetic as children,
They are dumb as if marching to doom,
As the sheep to the slaughter, these strong men,
Or as martyrs athirst for the tomb.

They are numbered in hundreds and thousands,
They are marshalled by sorrow and pain,
They are driven by hunger, as quicksands
That are moved by the wind and the rain.

They are seeking their loved one, their Father,
And with hope in their hearts, they would cry,
“It is Thou whom we seek, and none other,
“We who hunger, who suffer, who die.

POEMS OF REVOLT

“ We are thine, we are thine for thy bidding,
“ By the love that we cherish of thee,
“ Be not thine the indifference forbidding,
“ These thy people, to love and be free.

“ With our hands we will serve and defend thee,
“ With our blood we will drown out the foe,
“ Let us talk with thee, plead with thee, see thee,
“ All we seek is to know, is to know ! ”

But what cry like a stab in the silence,
With a shuddering moan as of pain,
Rends the heavens with pity, and why, whence,
On the pavements this blood and these slain ?

They are fallen and praying for mercy,
In their wonder, their terror, their fear,
While their brothers, their comrades, with fury
Whip them there, strike them now, shoot them here !

And a sound of immutable weeping,
And of anger astonished, defies
The eoward assassin who, keeping
In his hiding, is armored in lies.

“ Peace,” he said to the world, and it wondered,
And what now shall ye say to this thing ?
Ye have heard, oh ye nations, he thundered,
From the dark he has darted his sting.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Have they yielded in war, have they faltered,
Have they fled, or complained when they fall,
When their fortune was false have they altered
In their faith or allegiance at all?

And a wave of our great indignation
Shall declare us their friends, unafeard,
Let them rise as a man, as a nation,
With the war cry, the one word, "Betrayed!"



MATERNITY

CALL a halt, ye, and listen, give ear and take heed,
All ye Mothers of men, who have mocked in your
pride,
Ye who bid us bear children and drift on the tide
Of a terrible life force that blindly will breed.

Are not we the true mothers of men, we who say
Let the living have Life, let the child born be free,
As we cry "Halt, surrender!" to fierce Destiny,
"Ye must pass our dead bodies to seize on your
prey"?

Nay, not blood of our blood these, but heart of our
heart.
All our children these outcasts, whom ye have
passed by
With the wisdom of those who rear young life to die.
O ye mothers, our part is a holier part.

POEMS OF REVOLT

We have listened at night to the falling of tears,
To the terrible tears that trickle like rain,
Shall the world propagate and perpetuate pain,
And shall Life bear Death fruit through immutable
years?

Shall the travail of women, the wail of the babe,
Shall the shuddering silence of bondmen who toil,
Those who falter in famine while others reap spoil,
Not appall with the horror of Life's living grave?

Like a man in the silent, the terrible tomb,
Like a man who is closed in the still place of Death
They are buried alive, and each gasp of their breath
Is a cry like the child's that bursts forth from the
womb.

Halt, ye Mothers, and listen, stoop down and bend
low
To the weeping of those who are born but to die,
Give ye ear and take heed, yea, and answer their cry,
Shall our life breed such life? No, a thousand
times no!



THE CURSE

THIS is the curse, that man of woman born
Shall be from darkest night to brightest morn
A Thing of scorn.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Behold, where'er he turns each path is barred,
Each Eden by a flaming sword is marred,
 Each Adam scarred.

Together do we march, together stand
Or labor valiantly, hand helping hand
 Across the land.

We force our fainting brother to the wall,
We pause to watch his tears, to see his fall,
 We mock his call.

Behold him on his aimless, endless beat
Return again with tired, discouraged feet,
 Recoil, advance, retreat.

His eyes are worn with watching and his hands
Will ache with idleness—who understands
 His chainless bands.

Behold his woman, bounden unto man
To starve, or feed his foolish lust, life's plan
 Since life began !

A criminal indifference has slain
The living dead whose voice cries out again
 The curse of Cain !

POEMS OF REVOLT

TO FRANCE

SUN-LOVED lover of liberty, oh France,
Sweet glorious land, the magic of whose name
Uttered, is like the unfurled oriflame
Before the hosts of freedom that advance;
Not as a stranger curious of thy chance
But as a lover jealous of thy fame,
Through blood, through battle, through defeat,
 through shame
We watch the uplifting of thy countenance.

Seas cannot sunder us, nor time divide
Our ancient heritage of liberty,
Thou old world sentinel of all men free,
The old wrongs live, the old hates have not died,
Lead on, lead on against the tyrant gold
To whom all men are slaves, now as of old.



LINES TO A ROMAN TEMPLE

THERE is a haunting unread mystery
Where the proud temple empty stands alone
Hearing the whispers of the wind bemoan
The onward march of man toward destiny!

POEMS OF REVOLT

Some unsuspected music with delight
Pulsating through the twilight throbs its joy
While the belated unseen shepherd boy
Mocking our tuneless days puts Time to flight.

We pause, we listen trembling on the verge
Of unknown wonders, for our souls have been
A moment face to face with the unseen
Where life and death, where flesh and spirit merge.

Race after race descends the flights of Time,
Roman and Celt and Gaul, and none endure,
Yet we live on in what we can ensure
Of sculptured loveliness, or passioned rhyme.

A song, a statue, only these remain
A mighty heritage, Beauty alone
Leads man from age to age up to the throne
That he aspires to, that he shall attain.



LES MARCHANDES D'AMOUR

PHANTOM ghosts of gaiety,
Pity, pity, pity ye!

Hearts of hate and lips of love,
Whither, whither do ye rove?
Who will buy the offered smile,
Who fulfil your fate awhile?

POEMS OF REVOLT

Like a host of leaves when driven
From the starry haunts of heaven,
Drifting on the tide of chancee,
Wind-whirled in fantastic dance.

Mincing mien and flaunting air,
Gaudy, garrulous and fair
As a booty or a spoil,
Captured, caught, with snare and toil.

Selling pleasure, selling joy,
Tantalizing, tortured toy;
Tricked and trafficked, mocked and marred,
Branded, baffled, scoffed and scarred!

Wander, wander whither, why?
Ye who pay while all pass by,
Casting stones each at his sin
As he spurns in you his kin.

Fools of fortune, pity ye—
Your bejewelled poverty!

Hounded like a hare at bay,
That no coup de grâce will slay,
Like a bird of broken wing,
Wild, defiant, fluttering.

Hither, thither, drearily,
On and onward, wearily;
Laughing, cursing to defy
Stifled sob and surging sigh.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Scorned and fêted, sought and fled,
Living tomb when love long dead,
Through the hours of memory
Haunts the hearth and gibes at ye.

Pleasure then with whip in hand
Lashes on the maddened band,
Till ye seek oblivion
'And the goal of death is won.

Victims, shall we pity ye
More than they whose cruelty
Blind and brutal in its might
Sells despair and buys delight ?

Fools are they, and ye and we—
To endure life's anarchy !



CALL OF THE NIGHT

NIGHT marches clothed in mighty mystery,
The net of darkness trailing in her hand
Is cast about the still quiescent land,
Whilst star on star swims up an azure sea.

What shapes, what shades of human misery
Unseen beneath the sun, whose faces scanned
Strike sorrow in our heart, come band on band
With suffering confront us, crouch and flee ?

POEMS OF REVOLT

Hide, hide away your scorn and hush your curse,
We have not broken ye, ye birds of night,
And ye, ye maids, whose laughter chills delight,
Whose flowers hide the horror of a hearse.
Appalled we pause, we pity, we regret,
Then helplessly we pass, and we forget!



HYMN TO THE FOREST

HAIL, sacred guardian of the mysteries
That hedge our lives about, that penetrate
Our hidden thought, moulding our mortal fate,
And baffling all our vain philosophies!

The wind goes swinging down thy winding ways,
The sunlight pours his beauty on thy breast,
The dancing rain leaps lightly to his rest,
And many a wingèd insect hums thy praise.

Teach me thy magic, lay thy healing wand
Upon my weariness, lead me apart
And pour thy melodies into my heart
That I may sing them to the barren land.

Give me thy peace, thy beauty, cover me
With all thy shelter, smooth the weary frown,
That through the toil and turmoil of the town
Thy sweetness and thy strength may follow me.

POEMS OF REVOLT

For I would build thy temple once again,
And where man prostrate fell upon the sod
Adoring, I would raise him up, a God,
Sound, simple, sweet, peaceful, serene and sane.



WORK

AND the word of the world shall be work
As we wake to the sense of our own,
As ye stand, hand in hand,
With the might of the brand
Where we faltered and fell when alone.

For the head shall not war with the hand,
Nor the woman do battle with man,
Each for all be our cry, each for all be our call,
Without class, without caste, without clan.

Peace we whisper and peace through the strife,
Seeking life and our birthright of joy,
With the help that shall heal
The dull wounds we conceal
As they break us to fashion a toy.

And let no man be idle or vain,
And let no man be crushed by his toil,
Like a beast at their feast
They have slighted the least,
And corrupted their hearts with their spoil.

POEMS OF REVOLT

We the workers whose will shall not fail,
We the workers who cry not in vain,
Each for all, we give hail, for our hearts shall prevail,
As we labor in joy, not in pain.



AUTUMN DIRGE

GOLDEN brown,
Sifting down,
Over turret, turf and town;
Every leaf,
Like a grief,
Taking flight at autumn's frown!

Round and round
O'er the ground,
How they flutter, all earth bound!
How they dance
In a trance,
Now recoil and now advance!

Never more
Shall they soar
Toward the heavens as before!
Still they try
For the sky,
Tortured leaves that cannot fly!

POEMS OF REVOLT

Why will ye
Restlessly
Follow and then flee from me?
Are ye then
Hopes of men
That may never soar again.

Back away,
Ghosts at bay,
Must I be your hunted prey?
Has life shed
Us and fled,
And can Death thus scorn the dead?



HOMELESS

Lullaby

MOTHER's baby, her delight,
Sleep, oh, sleep, the moon so bright
Lights her taper; she has shed
Kisses on thy helpless head.

Mother's heart shall hold thee warm,
Swung aloft on mother's arm;
Cradle bed nor home have we,
Yet the stars dance merrily.

POEMS OF REVOLT

Though a demon, whispering,
Murmurs, "Death is pitying,"
Though the wind, a wolf at bay,
Gnaws my naked heel away—

Though a host of butterflies
Flit and flutter through the skies,
As the snow with cloak of white
Spreads our coverlet to-night—

Wind nor cold shall harm my flower,
Guarded by a mother's power;
Heart of mine, O little heart,
That no break of birth shall part.

Though with thee came poverty,
None so rich as I in thee!
Bowed before the altar, men
Worship motherhood, and then—

Scatter, leaving us to pray,
Begging on our hungry way;
In the council statesmen plead,
"Give us children in our need!"

Hush, my baby, sleep, while I
Hate and Fate and Life defy.
Sleep, the moon keeps pace with me
Lest I sleep and waken thee.

POEMS OF REVOLT

SPRING SONG

THERE is a joy in the mere breath of life
When the wind sweetens with the scent of Spring,
And the low lisping southern waters sing
A lullaby to wild and wintry strife.

Ah then the heart forgets its weariness,
And timidly puts forth its buds of hope,
Smiling with sun-born faith at man's distress,
Knowing all happiness within his scope !

Joy strong to strengthen, joy to purify
A world deluded with vain suffering,
To banish strife, join hands and hearts, defy
The old sad order and proclaim the Spring.



A POET'S GRAVE

SILENCE and solitude and shy-eyed sleep
Above the melancholy murmuring pine,
Fluttered with wings that thrill the ancient vine,
A watch eternal o'er thy slumbers keep.

And here the multitude in pilgrimage
Pauses the hurry of its vagrant feet,
While Life and Death like hostile sovereigns meet
To read the annals of another age.

POEMS OF REVOLT

For thou art one with all high holy things,
Beside the silence of the dormant stream
Thy spirit hovers like a haunting dream
And pulses in the note the wood-bird sings.

We tremble on the verge of the unseen,
Circled about by many a mystery,
Knowing not what shall be nor what has been,
Ignoring man's innate divinity.

High singer of the sad equality
Forced on us all by all-embracing Death,
Late heritage, sealed with our failing breath,
When shall we learn to *live* immortally?

When shall we banish and subdue the strife
Of man with man, and God against the world,
When shall the banner of proud peace unfurled
Float o'er the boundless universe of life?

When shall our days in comradeship and love
Fall as the petals of a perfect flower,
Distilling beauty through the ripening hour,
Drawing down heaven from the clouds above?

POEMS OF REVOLT

THE SECRET

SINCE joy is like a bubble
That glows, then melts away
Within the mists of trouble
That tantalize the day.

Since Pleasure in her playing
Is hounded hard by pain,
And Love for all gainsaying
Blows hot then cold again.

When sleep is horror haunted
By ghostly dreams that fright,
And roses spring enchanted
Await the winter blight.

What cheer when life is hollow,
And fragile all things fair,
While every path we follow
Leads somewhere to Despair?

Hide in thy heart the beauty,
Build deep within thy soul
A palace of thy booty
Where Time has no control.

With cypress tree and willows
And stately columns set,
By mystic seas whose billows
Murmur “Forget, forget.”

POEMS OF REVOLT

Here May shall cry "Remember"
And Hope shall rise and sing,
Disarming sad November,
Defying Winter's sting.

Roses and rest and rapture,
One love that cannot fail,
These treasures of thy capture
Enchanting hill and vale.

One smile shall banish sorrow,
One friend make all men true,
One dream defy the morrow,
One rose wake spring anew!



THE FUTURE

O LITTLE life so brief, so bitter long,
So vain of joy, so vexed with futile pain,
With vanities of hope, with greed of gain,
Then silenced like the ending of a song!

Strange as the labyrinth of some wild dream,
Bewildered and perplexed I watch the show,
Hurried along to some goal none may know,
And blindly battling toward some distant gleam.

POEMS OF REVOLT

With now a tear, and now a smile or sigh,
I see the pageant of my days and thine,
O world half bestial, human, and divine,
Till life forgetting us shall pass us by!

Unto the dizzy centuries I cry,
“Hope on high-hearted, mould and make your Fate,
“The stars attend you, and the great suns wait,
“Dare on though Destiny himself defy.

“Out of the present hell of life, from clay
“Inanimate and ugly, shape and form
“The human god to greet the growing morn,
“And build his heaven here, *To-day—To-day!*”

SATAN UNBOUND

A DRAMATIC POEM

IN

THREE ACTS

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy power which seems omnipotent,
To love and fear, to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

—SHELLEY (“Prometheus”)

TO

M. S. P.

PREFACE

Shelley: the magic of his name must ever be dear to all who are rebels, impatient as he was of all but perfection. It is only through discontent that we push on to something higher, always higher.

Rebellion and repression are two mighty forces necessary to keep the world in equilibrium; repression lest it speed on too fast and so miss the mark; rebellion lest it stagnate where it should evolute. In the war of these forces lies the action of this drama.

It is well to remember that America is the work of a band of rebels, and to-day we need again to unshackle the hands of bound liberty; we are crushed in the cuirass of custom; we are stereotyped, we are plagued with old world prejudices; we need to be large living and compassionate. Happiness is forbidden man while he is the oppressor or the oppressed.

Of rebels, Satan is the greatest prototype, bringing man discontent with his little state. He gives the knowledge of good and of evil and also the dream of immortality; for this he pays the price of pain; the curse is to find only misunderstanding, for he is in too far advance of his multitude. Defying Des-

PREFACE

tiny, he still is the instrument of a destiny that contains us each and all; in this knowledge he at last finds peace. The good he gives is thought evil until man learns that evil is negative and that he must seek in his own soul the secret god. Humanity is an organic whole, who injures the smallest part injures each and all of us.

In every myth there is hidden a meaning and each man must, as he may, interpret it, nor tremble if he differs from the might of a Milton. I have given of my own measure; it is no concern of mine what becomes of it, neither failure nor fortune are of importance; but this only counts that a man shall dream, that a man shall dare.

G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERRY.

PARIS, 1910,
Hôtel de Biron.

Act I.

A primeval oak grove. Late afternoon.

Act II.

Ruined castle in the depths of the valley Des Beaux.
The Tenth Century, A. D. Night.

Act III.

Cemetery in Paris. Early morning.
Time A. D., 1910.

CHARACTERS

Act I.

Satan	2nd Merchant
The Comrade	3rd "
The Queen	4th "
The High Priest	A young woman
The Child	An old woman
1st Merchant	Priests, soldiers and people

Act II.

Satan	A Poet
The Comrade	A Courtesan
King of the East	A Leper
King of the West	Four Merchants
Priest of Buddha	Witches, maidens and
Priest of Christ	people.

Act III.

Satan	3rd Phantom—Mirabeau
1st Phantom—Socrates	4th Phantom—Washington
2nd Phantom—Brutus	A Maiden
	A Workman

ACT I.

A primeval oak grove with three paths, right, left and back of stage, leading into forest. Back stage, the bank of a river. Left stage, a throne, hewn in a rock and sheltered by a large oak. Right centre, a Druidical stone altar.

Discovered Satan clad in gold scale armor. The Comrade enters left stage and comes timidly towards him.

THE COMRADE

Celestial Comrade, hail! First by thy might,
Thy beauty, thy divine intelligence,
Among the gods that radiate like stars
Around the sacred sun of Destiny,
Vouchsafe to tell me, for my love of thee,
Why thou art come among the race of man?

SATAN

Who may behold the secret thought, and know
The hidden purpose of his slightest deed,
Or what wide circles in the sea of Fate
The slightest pebble, cast with careless hand,
Shall spread? And so I answer not, nor seek
With wealth of words to deck mine ignorance!
Some impulse urged me here, and so 'tis well!

SATAN UNBOUND

COMRADE

Would it were well for thee and thy renown!
Canst thou, a god, commune with lesser man,
Abortive creature whom the womb of Fate
Has fashioned neither god nor animal?
Fiercer is he than beasts of prey that prowl,
And terrible in his intelligence,
A foe to man and beast, he lives, alas,
Destroyer, seeking ever to destroy.

SATAN

Be not impatient in complaint, but know
Perfection leaps not, patience hews her path.
Nature, who fashioned man a mortal, seeks
To raise in him an immortality.

COMRADE

Satan, beware, lest pity in thy heart
Betray thee.

SATAN

Pity! Thou hast said!

COMRADE

Alas!

Have pity then of thee.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Yet hear my mind,
And understand this mystery of man.
Desire, blind desire goads him on,
Wisdom he knows not, immortality
He seeks not, but—within the moment mured,
Bewildered in the labyrinth of life,
Remembering not the annals of his race,—
He moves within the web of ignorance.
Life leads towards life complex and intricate,
From seed to flower, then to fairest flesh,
Yet one in beast and bird and blood of man.
Within each cell the racial memory
Of each inheritance, with strange desires
And baffling instincts warring, wills its way.
Confusion works within the human mind
Perplexed, and purposeless, and impotent!
What if man knew, what if he could divine
These workings? He who was a clot of clay
Might he not consciously become a god?

COMRADE

I have the secret of thy thought, and fear
Is oft the herald of foreboding fate,
Pity betrays thee, unto such as these
Satan is come to give forbidden gifts.

SATAN

I value nothing, nothing call mine own,
But that which freely I may give again!

SATAN UNBOUND

COMRADE

Is it not then decreed and known to thee,
The curse on him who shall betray the gods,
And give to mortals knowledge and the thirst
For wisdom or for immortality?

SATAN

What is forbidden is ordained! The curse
Stirs in me deep resentment and revolt,
Law that is harmony is obvious,
Unconsciously obeyed.

COMRADE

What wouldest thou then?
Learn suffering to teach a beast delight?

SATAN

If I alone might pay the fatal price!

COMRADE

And who are we to say what penalty
Man too shall pay, what evil out of good
Shall grow and wreck this daring dream of thine?

SATAN

Thy speech is like a mortal's, ignorant,
There is no good, no evil.

SATAN UNBOUND

COMRADE

We who see

The sum of all things that the mind resolves
Know pain is but a warning, evil too
The discord of disordered harmony
That comes in broken rhythms to our sense.
But man all imperfected, impotent,
Perceives but fragments of a shattered whole,
Ignoring all things. Were this well for him?
Might he not for his harm behold the truth,
Seeing the evil, fancy it the good,
And so in his confusion curse himself?

SATAN

I know not, what a menace in thy words!
Yet, since my utter ignorance ordains
A risk to mortals, I will hold my peace.
We, finite bits of all infinity,
Know not the sum of things.

COMRADE

Wisdom prevails:

Let us be gone, what have we here to do?

SATAN

Stay, I would see who comes, and if perchance
The fairest of all mortals, crowned their queen,
Lights with her beauty their dark ignorance.

SATAN UNBOUND

COMRADE

Farewell, and of my words take heed.

SATAN

Farewell.

(Exit left stage Comrade. Satan hides among the oaks left stage. The Queen enters right stage escorted by the High Priest, Captain, and soldiers clad in leopard skins and armed with swords and spears. She takes her place upon the throne.)

HIGH PRIEST

Justice, O Queen! A scandal in the land
Demands chastising, lest it do thee harm.

QUEEN

Speak as thy heart shall counsel thee, great priest,
I listen.

HIGH PRIEST

Custom is the heritage
And wisdom of our fathers. By its law
We do excel the beast. We rule, we reign
By fear.

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

Fear is the sceptre of the state, the sword.

HIGH PRIEST

Beware lest mockery shall blunt the blade.

QUEEN

Less craft, O cunning man, speak out thy will.

HIGH PRIEST

A sacred custom of the land, O Queen,
Is daily violated.

QUEEN

Who is he?

Who braves our laws?

HIGH PRIEST

The Queen has done this thing.

QUEEN

The Queen? Choose well thy boastful speech, O
Priest.

SATAN UNBOUND

HIGH PRIEST

Yet listen in humility and judge.
Thy son——

QUEEN

My little son, unhappy child !

HIGH PRIEST

An ancient and a sacred law commands
That at his birth each weakling shall be slain.
He lives, whose life is forfeit, he, thy shame.

QUEEN

I sheltered his first smile, I hoped in vain
The years might yield him beauty !

HIGH PRIEST

Idle dream.
And pitiful, for how then shall the host
Despising this thy fruit still honor thee ?

QUEEN

One weakling counts not in a herd of men
What harm is his, he cannot work us ill.
I gave him life, and death I may not give.

SATAN UNBOUND

HIGH PRIEST

Yet if we nourish weaklings in our race
At war with nature all untamed,—at war
With men like beasts but thirstier for prey,—
We are disarmed before the enemy.

Not this alone I see; thy royal might,
How shall it make men tremble at thy throne
If thou dost fear?

QUEEN

I fear?

HIGH PRIEST

If not afraid

Why shield this living sorrow, mocking thee,
That shames thy motherhood? Thy child should
be
A light, a loveliness, swift, subtle, strong.

QUEEN

Torment me not, he lives, it is too late.

HIGH PRIEST

Too late, a coward's word that shackles slaves.

QUEEN

If such thy zeal why hast thou not destroyed
This error of my flesh?

SATAN UNBOUND

HIGH PRIEST

Almighty Queen,
Thy word and thy command should urge the deed.
That once again the host may fear, and bow
Before thy power, passionless and stern,
As is a god's.

QUEEN

I? Must I do this thing?
Would ye had slain him, sleeping on my breast
So sweet, so small, in infant innocence.

HIGH PRIEST

I yielded to thy prayer, yield thou in turn,
Lest one and all we flee from force, and fall
Unthroned. But since death comes to all at last,
To all an end, what matters when the day?

QUEEN

Are ye then all agreed, ye holy men,
Is there no other way, and must he die?

HIGH PRIEST

The child must die.

QUEEN

Ye soldiers, say your will.

SATAN UNBOUND

CAPTAIN

The child must die, no chief of men is he.

QUEEN

I order, I decree his death, that men
May know me without weakness, free of fear.

HIGH PRIEST

To-day the divers, the assembled tribes
With wares for barter, bringing tribute, come.
The Queen weighs justice equally to all.
They shall not see thy son, let him be slain.

QUEEN

So swiftly, must it be so suddenly?

HIGH PRIEST

The child must die.

QUEEN

So be it.

*(The child enters back stage; his arms
full of flowers, he comes limping
in.)*

SATAN UNBOUND

CHILD

Mother, see,
All these for you, so fair, so cool, so sweet.
The children of the camp cast stones at me,
The women whispered, then I ran, I ran,
They called me slow-foot, speckled toad, and yet
The little birds come to me when I call,
They sing, they sit upon my shoulders——

QUEEN

Peace!

CHILD

But I must tell you, if the fairy flowers
Are happy with me, tell me——

QUEEN

Make an end.

CHILD

You will not listen, but the mountain stream
Sings sweetly to me secrets, while the breeze
Shakes all the little leaves to sport with me,
Each has its wonders, each its mystery,
They call me and they seek me. I must find
What they will tell me.

HIGH PRIEST

Shall this be a man,
This babbler?

SATAN UNBOUND

CAPTAIN

Shall he wield the smiting sword
And bathe in blood, a leader?

CHILD

No one hears,
And no one understands.

QUEEN

Be brief, have done.

(*The soldiers seize the child.*)

CHILD

Mother they hurt me, oh, they hurt me, help,
I am so little, I will be so small;
They are about to do some wickedness
That frightens them, they grow so rough, so fierce
To hide their fear.

CAPTAIN (*turning away*)

I cannot.

HIGH PRIEST

Bind his eyes.

Lead him away.

SATAN UNBOUND

CHILD

Oh, they have killed the flowers.
They are afraid. What makes them tremble so?

CAPTAIN

Thus with our shields, and face turned away,
Crush out his life.

CHILD

Alas, O Mother, oh!

(The soldiers encircle him and are about to crush him when Satan with flaming sword surges among them, scattering them on every side.)

SATAN

Might against might, ye beasts of prey, give way.
Art thou calm Nature's self, to smile and smile
And slay thine offspring, mother, murderer?

QUEEN

I will not live defeated, strike me down,
For surely thou a god art come to kill.

CHILD

Be not afraid; see, Mother, he is strong
And calm and gentle. Strength can do no ill.
(Exit child.)

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

I fear thee not, give me thy sword, that I
May die defying thee in life and death.

SATAN

I come to teach thine ignorance, O Queen.
I pity thee, I bring thee gifts so great——

QUEEN

Have I then need of gifts, the world is mine.

SATAN

Beauty is thine that glitters, proud and vain,
Ignorance too is thine of thy desire,
Ignorance of thine aim and of thy need,
And savagery is thine that slays and slays,
Till it be slain with thee and hid away.

QUEEN

Insolent prince, since thou art conqueror
My ransom waits thee, name it, and release!

SATAN

The child's life is my price.

QUEEN

So let it be,
Yet how can beauty covet ugliness?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

O Woman, hast thou looked upon thy child ?

QUEEN

He shames me.

SATAN

Said I not thine eyes were blind ?

Hast thou not seen 'a tiger for her young
Do battle ? Does the pelican not feed
Her life blood to the smallest of her brood ?
Shall not his weakness waken strength in thee,
His feeble flesh be sweeter to defend,
His helplessness be holy ?

QUEEN

Strange indeed,
O stranger, is thy speech.

SATAN

An unknown world
Shall open unto thee, who hast not known
A lover's kiss ; for thee who in thy flesh
Fashioned a loveless fruit, brought forth in scorn.

QUEEN

I have obeyed the laws of life and man,
Conceived in pain, brought forth in peril this—

SATAN UNBOUND

My child who shames me, I withheld from death
The babe condemned, and so defied the law,
Though now I do repent me.

SATAN

Nay, rejoice,
For thou shalt live to see his loveliness.

QUEEN

Now do I fear thee, I who knew not fear,
Some ray of beauty seems to fall from thee
Upon the babe. Alas, I would that he
Were godlike, great and goodly as thou art.

SATAN

Beauty is thine and mine to look upon,
Within his heart his loveliness is hid.

QUEEN

Yet give him of thine beauty, let there be
A sign that he is favored of the gods,
For sacred secrets surely must be thine.

SATAN

Would I could give thee of the gift of love.

QUEEN

What then is love?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Nor god nor man shall say.
A mighty moving mystery that moulds
The heart to harmony. What words shall wake
This wonder for thee, ignorant, since hate
Holds heart from heart, and hand from sword-
bound hand !
What simple simile shall show this thing ?
Yet that which man ignores the beasts divine ;
Hast thou not seen some humble-hearted hound
Caress the hand that buffets him, and leap
With joy to hear one voice, one footfall near,
Indifferent to all save one alone ?
Hast thou not seen him guard his master's grave
And die deserted, giving life for love ?
That which man still ignores the beasts divine.

QUEEN

Hate have I known, that holds men separate
And binds them jointly 'gainst a common foe.
Desire, brutal lust akin to hate,
That hunts its prey and downs it, I have known.
But love I have not seen.

SATAN

And shall not see.
A million moons will not suffice to show
This mystery to man. Yet, should he learn

SATAN UNBOUND

The secret of this force that flows through life,
Welds heart to heart, dissolves the single self
Within the sea of unity, and thrills
The sluggish flesh with fairest flower of fire
Illuminating spirit, he would scale
The happy heights that harbor only gods.

QUEEN

Some warmth within my heart awakening stirs—
Say on.

SATAN

The great earth nurtures this thy race
Resolving through the cycles, thou in turn
Hast given forth a seed of flowering flesh,
Thy child, who waits for love. The bond of life
Is never severed at the break of birth.

QUEEN

I look upon him with new eyes, it seems
A yearning grows within me. I would be
Above him and about him like a cloak.
To fold him soft against a world of harm,
To treasure him, to serve him. Only mine,
My child, my little self, and yet, methinks,
It were a sweetness to renounce all self
For him adoring. What is this new thing
That moves within me, masters, sweeps me on,

SATAN UNBOUND

And bears me helpless as upon a sea
That seizes suddenly a babe at play?
What moisture brims mine eyes and darkens sight?

SATAN

A tear is shed to hallow tenderness.
My lips salute thee lest its bitterness
Should stain thy beauty, and a kiss is born.

(Satan kisses her.)

QUEEN

How soft, how sweet, how strange, Oh, fold me so—
I am diffused and scattered, I am lost
And found within the refuge of thine arms.
Stranger thou art, yet nearer than my heart,
And mine, and mine—

SATAN

What riot in thy words.

QUEEN

Say thou art mine, thou shalt not leave me more,
Alas, alas, I suffer, for no hurt,
A joy too heavy seems to weigh me down.

SATAN

This too is love, fear not, and yet beware,
In loving only is all love fulfilled.

SATAN UNBOUND

Only the love we give returns to be
The rapture, the reward of having loved,
Happy in giving of its happiness,
But seeking in its selfishness lies pain,
Sorrow, and many a subtle suffering.

QUEEN

I will grow lovely with love's loveliness,
And bless thee with my beauty for thy gift.
My heart rejoicing would give out to all
Thy secret. Master, lead me on, and on,
And show my people this new mystery.
Yea, turn the bond of hate which binds their hands
Together 'gainst a foe, to bond of love.
Reign thou and rule though over them and me.

*(Re-enter right stage High Priest,
Captain, soldiers, people and children.)*

HIGH PRIEST

O Queen, hast thou no harm ?

CAPTAIN

The hostile god,
Has he not slain thee ?

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

Soldiers, priests, and ye,
Ye hosts, draw near, hear ye and heed my words,
A mighty power conquers us, but wills
A lasting good. This god shall be your king
And so reveal the gods' own mysteries,
That you, who are as beasts in ignorance,
May now become far mightier than men.

HIGH PRIEST

The Queen has spoken, even we as fools
Before his wisdom were afraid and fled.

CAPTAIN

So let it be, like weaklings we were bowed
Before the flashing of his sword. Hail, King.

HIGH PRIEST

Hail, King, we are thy people, we are thine.
Thy secret shall be shrined within our heart.

CAPTAIN

Thy force shall soon abase our every foe.

QUEEN

Teach us thy will, thy way. The god has shown
A new world and a life no dream has told.
Teach us thy mysteries.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

How shall I see
Their ignorance, and hide within my heart
The knowledge guarded jealously by Fate!
What seek ye, men, throughout the mortal years?

HIGH PRIEST

We know not. The high gods forever live
And know all things. The low beasts live their day
And know not why. Hunger pursues them; fear
Doth teach them hate. They breed, they die, their young
Do even so, so live we, so we die.
And yet we sorrow, knowing this, that we
Are bounded by a sea of ignorance.
Help thou our helplessness!

QUEEN

I conjure thee
Refuse us not this refuge, heed our prayer.
We bow, we bend, we worship in our need.

SATAN

Thus am I cursed and smitten with their pain.
Shall I then suffer silence and endure
The pleading of their blind despair, how thus
With sorrow watch eternal sorrowing?

SATAN UNBOUND

Better defy the gods and pay in pain
The gift, mine be alone the bitterness.
So be it.

HIGH PRIEST

Speak, we wait, we cry to thee!

SATAN

The gods live on, ye say, the gods are wise,
They know all things and they abide for aye.
Wisdom and immortality man too
In time shall conquer. Nature works her way,
Nature who holds us as the changing sea
Holds all its drops of water separate:
She moves and moulds us, gods and men and
beasts,
Toward wisdom and toward immortality.

HIGH PRIEST

Hard words, what thing is needful?

SATAN

Discontent!

This first, that ye perceive how low your state.
Desire, this is needful, great desire,
Of which all things are born. If ye forget,
If ye be as the beasts, whose bellies rule,
Senseless and satisfied with ignorance,

SATAN UNBOUND

Then shall ye sink to beastliness again,
And all its works and ways, that make for hate.
If ye shall learn the mystery of love,
The link of life to life, if hand in hand
Ye labor, each for each to share the earth,
From knowledge unto knowledge ye shall grow,
From life to life, from star to star ascend
Until ye conquer immortality.

HIGH PRIEST

We are thy slaves.

SATAN

Alas, be ye as men,
Be masters each, each over self a king,
None serving none, yet each one serving all,
All serving each, for this is happiness.

HIGH PRIEST

Hard words, what first?

SATAN

The Queen shall tell the way.

QUEEN

First this, as beasts when driven by wild lust
Ye live no longer, choose ye each a mate,
A comrade, a companion, for your days,

SATAN UNBOUND

And cleave ye each to each in helpfulness.
Let not the mother rear alone her young,
But let the man defend her and his child.

PEOPLE

This will we do.

QUEEN

Choose ye.

CAPTAIN

Shall no man choose
But one?

QUEEN

One only.

CAPTAIN

Brown, or black, or blonde,
Blonde, black, or brown?

(He chooses a maiden.)

AN OLD MAN

She is not thine, stand back.

CAPTAIN

Will she not have me, dullard?

SATAN UNBOUND

OLD MAN

She is mine,
My goods, my chattel, mine to do my will.

CAPTAIN

Nay, she is for my pleasure, since my strength
Gives power to subdue her, or to slay.

QUEEN

They quarrel.

SATAN

Make an end of folly, peace!

HIGH PRIEST

It is our right, the highest in the land,
To choose the fairest women of the flock.

CAPTAIN

Shall we then by whose sword all ye enjoy
A stale tranquillity, not have our say?

QUEEN

They look with hatred——

SATAN UNBOUND

CAPTAIN

Henceforth we are all
As rivals, now as when we sort the spoil
That follows battle.

HIGH PRIEST

Though the god be wise,
With all possession jealousy is born
And hatred at the heel of jealousy.

CAPTAIN

Seize, soldiers, each a mate!

QUEEN

Alas.

SATAN

Ye fools, enough. Go each man to his place,
In meditation and in fasting strive,
And for a month live separate, then come
Before the throne again with quiet mind,
And let each tell his choice before all men.

HIGH PRIEST

So let it be, behold the day wears on—
Sell ye your wares.

SATAN UNBOUND

1ST MERCHANT

Who buys a fine young kid?

A WOMAN

Three chickens for a kid.

1ST MERCHANT

Three chickens? Four!

A WOMAN

No, three, old miser.

2ND MERCHANT

Wheat, white wheat.

A sack of wheat, who buys?

3RD MERCHANT

A snow-white pig

For thy white wheat.

2ND MERCHANT

No pig, hast thou a sow?

A better bargain promising ten pigs.

The wheat will yield an acre if 'tis sown.

SATAN UNBOUND

4TH MERCHANT

A sheepskin for thy wheat.

2ND MERCHANT

I will not trade.

Who knows how much of wheat a sheepskin counts !
Since thou art king, decide. What will he do ?

(During this scene Satan has descended into the river; he comes back, his hands full of nuggets of gold.)

SATAN

A common measure for your merchandise.
Six pieces for a sheep, a bag of wheat
Six pieces. So henceforth a man may sell
That which he would not keep, and take away
Portable value, that shall let him buy
The thing he covets, when and where he will.
Out of the river's mouth I bring ye gold
Precious and rare and malleable, divide.

1ST MERCHANT

And who shall guard the gold, come give it me.

HIGH PRIEST

Shall not the priests, for in it lies a force
That wise men will control ?

SATAN UNBOUND

CAPTAIN

Some hostile tribe
That hears of this new wealth, with sword and
spear
Will come to wrest it from you. It is ours,
By right of the strong sword, to guard, to give.

1ST MERCHANT

It is the Merchant's measure. Give it us.

CAPTAIN

Seize ye the treasure.

HIGH PRIEST

Gold!

MERCHANTS

The gold!

SOLDIERS

The gold!

(*They go off the stage still disputing.
The child runs in and the Queen
seizes him in her arms.*)

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

My son, my little son, new born for me.

A WOMAN

Her son?

2ND WOMAN

A Queen's son?

1ST WOMAN

Look at mine.

2ND WOMAN

And mine!

1ST WOMAN

A fishwife would be shamed by such a child.
Is a child worth a thought? Behold the Queen,
As if she found a treasure!

2ND WOMAN

Nay, but ours
Are beautiful, the world is changed to-day.

CHILD

Mother!

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

Hide closer, sweeter, sweeter so,
World-hated, mine the more, my little one!

*(Priests, people and soldiers come back
violently fighting. The child slips
from his mother's arms and rushes
among them to try to stop them.
He is caught in the fray and dis-
appears.)*

Alas, my people, and alas, my prince,
The blood-price stains thy gold.

1ST WOMAN

O Queen, behold
My son, my little son.

2ND WOMAN

And mine.

*(The people fall back and in the clear-
ing is seen the Queen's child slain.)*

QUEEN

My child—

Oh, give him me again, this very hour,

SATAN UNBOUND

Only this hour, my heart awoke and knew
The joy of him. Not dead, not dead indeed,
But sleeping.

CHILD (*moaning*)

Mother.

1ST WOMAN

Call upon the god,
For he shall waken him.

2ND WOMAN

We wait thy word.
We kneel before thee, show us all thy might.

SATAN

O Death, yield up thy dead, I conjure thee,
By this mine immortality, renew
His loveliness to light.

QUEEN

He moves, he lives,
No, he is still, so strangely still, alas
It cannot be, beseech the god for me.

CAPTAIN

Is not a god omnipotent?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Alas,

I weep with thee, for none against the law
Of nature shall prevail.

QUEEN

O Mockery,

O bitterness, is this indeed thy gift ?
Why hast thou come to torture us with love ?
Hard hate was not so pitiless. The sun
Seems fallen from the sky, my day is dark.
Give me my child again or take my curse.

HIGH PRIEST

The gods are wroth with us and so chastise
Our vain presumption. Immortality
The fair king promised, he has taught us death,
Now suddenly death seems most terrible,
Death that was but an end has darkened life
And casts its fatal shadow o'er the flesh.
He is no god, therefore avenge the gods.
He whispered wisdom, all his wisdom loosed
The sea of hatred, let it sweep him hence.

SATAN

Not in a day, O men, not in a day,
But through eternity, we must attain
The growing love that works for good.

SATAN UNBOUND

QUEEN

Enough!

Pluck out my heart and harden me with hate,
For sorrow is the seed of love, and life
A seeking which shall end in empty death.

HIGH PRIEST

Make way with him!

CAPTAIN

Yea, let him expiate,
Disarm him. With his magic sword, O Queen,
Smite him who smote us.

*(Satan lets himself be disarmed,
bound, and thrown on the altar.)*

So we sacrifice
Upon the altar to the dreaded god
This boaster.

(Captain stabs him.)

Conqueror, hate conquers thee;
I feared thee, know my fear was in thy flesh.

SATAN UNBOUND

HIGH PRIEST

I worshipped thee, I curse thee in my turn.

(Each in turn plants his dagger in the body of Satan and goes out. When the stage is empty, Satan breaks his bonds and comes down from the altar, the daggers fall from him.)

SATAN

The sword of solitude alone remains
And stabs me with each heartbeat, woe is me.
Out of love, sorrow. Out of knowledge, sin.
From wisdom, folly. Immortality
That seeks the spirit, falls within the death
Of all the fragile flesh. Pain, ever pain,
And war for peace. I gave them of mine own
The fruits of happiness, yet suffering
Is all they reaped. Alas, what have I done?
The night steals on, the leaves are murmurous,
They seem to call me softly. Comfort me,
Ye spirits of the wind, that wakes a world
To music.

VOICES

Satan.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Speak, what would ye say,
Ye voices of the soft, sweet-breathing night?

(*Satan tries each path in turn.*)

VOICES (*right stage*)

Spirit of evil, Satan, hail, all hail.

VOICES (*centre*)

Spirit of evil, Satan, hail, all hail.

VOICES (*left stage*)

Spirit of evil, Satan, hail, all hail.

SATAN

The way is barred, the earth gives out the curse,
I hear the doom of dread Destiny,
And all I do shall turn to hurt and harm,
Till good grows evil. Whither shall I turn?
Where hide, and how escape this cruelty?
What though through pain, and senseless suffering,
I walk with man proclaimed his enemy,
No fate shall conquer me, nor take again
From out man's heart the mystic dream of love,
Nor quench the thirst of knowledge in his breast.
Yet though they heed me not, and see not me,
These gifts are mine, *desire, discontent,*

SATAN UNBOUND

To goad them on and upward toward a goal.
They shall not move in utter ignorance,
For henceforth they are haunted with my dreams.
Masters they shall obtain, and slavery,
Restraint and rulers and all wretchedness,
Mad revolution, riotous revolt,
Till none shall brook a master or a slave.
Then ye shall build the universe of love,
Then shall ye scale the heights of happiness,
And grow in godhead, till the man is god.
The curse? I do defy the curse, and cry
O Destiny, I too am Destiny.

(Draws his sword and rushes off stage.)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

A ruined castle in the depths of a dark rocky valley that forms a deep hemi-circle. High on a throne built of stone piled on stone sits Satan, a multitude in medieval costumes is prostrated before him.

THE PEOPLE

Hail, Satan, hail, thou Prince of Evil, hail.

THE COMRADE

Thine is the Kingdom of the World, and thine
The hearts of men, the secret hearts of hate.
Thine is his cunning, thine his craft, his guile.

PEOPLE

Triumph and victory! Hail, Satan, hail.

COMRADE

The heavens tremble and the earth is bowed.
The gods, the changing gods, sink one by one
To deep oblivion, like falling stars,
And are dissolved and are not any more.
The magic of thy might alone endures.

SATAN UNBOUND

PEOPLE

Hail, Satan, hail, thou Prince of Evil, hail.

SATAN

All ye who stab my solitude, ye men
Who multiply my mocking loneliness,
Numberless nothings, what would ye of me ?

PEOPLE

Suffer our homage, we would worship thee.

SATAN

Dark, dark within my soul enduring night,
I may not see, I grope about in vain !
What man am I, whence came I here and why
Enthroned for worship ? As an actor reigns
Illusion of illusions, so I rule.
Memory like a ghost that haunts me flees,
Betraying me again to passioned pain.
Immortal doubts, that torture mortals, vex
A soul that 'scapes not immortality.
Oh, that this self would scatter drop by drop,
Dissolve within the sea of sleep, and be
One with eternal things eternally.

COMRADE

Master of men, behold the loveliness
That lifts its beauty for thy praise. Command

SATAN UNBOUND

The dance, and heed the rhythm of delight.
Full sweet it is, to drift along the maze
Of subtle sense, and steep the baffled soul
In brief forgetfulness. Our Lord is sad,
O maidens, weave a spell to snare his pain.

*(The young maidens dance before
Satan.)*

SATAN

Sorrow knows not an infidelity.
Distraction breeds a deeper discontent,
And thought alone brings peace to tortured thought.
In vain these vanities.

(Exit maidens.)

COMRADE

Yet turn thine eyes,
Behold these night hawks, sorcerers whose spell
So strong, so subtle, snares men to thy will,
Mighty with mysteries a million years
Will not unveil, they mock the mind of man.
Shall not their science soothe thy strife?

SATAN

Alas,
In vain their mummery. I suffer on.
Let these be gone.

(Exit sorcerers.)

SATAN UNBOUND

COMRADE

Yet venerable men
From farthest East, and out of distant West,
Await thy presence. Let them pay their praise.

SATAN

Speak each in turn his sum of foolishness,
Some word may waken for me memory.

THE POET

Hail, Satan, hail, thou Prince of Evil, hail,
For I will hymn thy conquest and thy fame,
Poet am I, thy birthborn enemy.
Of love I sang and of the heart of love,
And how two move across the mystery
Of multitudes, of daring distances,
While stars and seas, attentive, tremulous,
With mystic music murmur as they march,
And meet and mingle, one with Destiny.
Then lightly, from the lips of loveliness,
Came laughter, shattering my sacred song.
I tuned my lyre to sing of liberty,
I shook the chains of men, unbinding slaves,
While tyrants trembled, tortured in their turn.
But with the fetters I had loosened each
Would bind his brother, while the multitude,
The many mightier than were the few,
Turned freedom unto utter tyranny.

SATAN UNBOUND

Then all my light grew darkness. In my pain
I mocked at loveliness, and Beauty heard
And light Love heeded. Ribaldry, I sang,
While lovers trooped like fawning hounds at heel.
The smilingly I praised the power of kings,
Proclaimed the secret sense of slavery.
I knew high favor, feted, I was free
And grown to glory. So, the lesson learned,
That in the Universe God's part is small,
And Evil has the triumph of all time,
I therefore in thy wisdom have prevailed,
With song and praise I glorify thy name.

SATAN

Enough, his harmony is discord. Go!
His music heals me not, but smites my soul
So scarred with suffering. Priest, have thy word.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Out of the East a light, and we, who were
The torches of a wisdom, worshipped long,
Yea, we communed with all high holiness.
We ordered days and dreams, consulting then
With stars and suns, we were the sanctified.
We peaceful, placid, like a Buddha grown
To lowly greatness, tender of all life
That flows and fills the changing firmament,
Wrought toward perfection. We through love
learned love,
High-hearted hope, and healing happiness.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Ye hail me Prince of Evil! Wherefore then
Mock ye, and whisper thus before my Throne?

PRIEST OF THE WEST

Give heed and hear, we walked aside with God
And we proclaimed the Prince of Peace. We sang
No mystery unto a wondering world,
We whispered this, the Christ-word, Brotherhood,
The word of God made man, to make man God.

SATAN

From out the dark, the lightning of a dream!
Say on, yet much I marvel what ye mean.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

We fasted, and we fled through day on day,
We mocked man's folly, yet no man gave heed,
Or listened meaningly to us, who held
The key of life and death, and deathless things.
Then, at the end of many a desert year,
Our hands were empty and our hollow hearts
Were haunted by hard hate, and pride of place.

PRIEST OF THE WEST

We, preaching peace, were smitten with the sword,
Shepherding wolves, we wearied. We divined

SATAN UNBOUND

The wonder of a power to oppress
A people pitiless. Then taking thought—
The sacred truths, the secret truths of man,
Became within our hands a subtle snare,
A net cast craftily about the soul ;
For man more fears eternity unknown
Than smiting sword and sudden biting spear.
We bid the slaves renounce, resign and seek
But sacrifice, submitting to our will.
We nailed Christ on a dogma crucified.
He found a heaven, we invented hell.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

So fought we men with fear, yea, fearlessly
We set a yoke upon humanity !

PRIEST OF THE WEST

We ruled and rule. For this, O Satan, hail.
Each people has its god, each god its day,
But we remain obscuring God and cry—

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Hail, Satan, hail, triumphant thou of time.

SATAN

What part have I in this, and what in these
Who weary not of wretched wickedness ?
Shall all these shadows shut away the sun ?

SATAN UNBOUND

KING OF THE EAST

Hail, King of Kings, our Kingdoms bow to thee !
We were the fathers of a flock who fed
With equal justice all our children. Lo !
The races and the nations in revolt
Called us old graybeards. Greed of gain, and lust,
And hatred, beat within the blood of man.
So led, we were their leaders, bared the sword,
Dissension sowing, played them man 'gainst man,
And smote them with the blade of fear or bribed
The bravest with debauchery and lust.
Then all their swords upheld the sword of state,
For every slave holds sacred slavery,
And cries himself the one man nobly free.

KING OF THE WEST

Thus we who held the earth in fealty
Do homage, Satan, subject to thy will.

CAPTAIN

I lured the simple from the soil, and sowed
The seed of hatred, setting men at strife
Against his brother, all unknown, unseen.
So war awakened war, that will not die,
But feeds devouring peace, and all her works,
Imaginings, inventions, blood and brain.
Thus man, who would not harm a flying fawn,
Alone so gentle, laughs aloud at life,

SATAN UNBOUND

When bandied to a menace, all his might
Unslaked in strife sets on to slay and slay.

SATAN

And ye resplendent with the glint of gold,
What men are ye whom Kings and Priests salute ?

MERCHANT

The merchants we, the marvels of thy might!
For us, the kings in bonden slavery
Have scarred the earth with sword, and dragged
the sea.

For us the priests strike terror to the soul,
Disarm the daring with the dread of death,
That slaves may starve, and strive for us and ours.
Each has his little weight. We buy, we buy
The brain, the beauty of the best. We sell
Heart, honor, happiness. King, people, priest
Are puppets that we play for gold. Rejoice!
Gold glittering, gold glorious, thy gold
By thee once given. Thine the praise, O King!

SATAN

Does the world weigh and balance 'gainst a coin,
A hoop, a circle, beaten out of ore ?
It were a thing to laugh at, if 'twere true !
What word, oh woman, would thy homage bring ?

SATAN UNBOUND

COURTESAN

O King, I too have conquered through thy guile.
I asked but love, I gave but tenderness,
Then man, who held my heart, cried out, a Toy!
And like a child he broke it bit by bit,
Despising all my loveliness, pursued
And valued only when denied. Through pain
Came understanding suddenly to me.
Then I abased myself, the secret slave,
Lips lisping love I lured with poisoned lust!
I gave not love, I took of glowing gold
And hid my heart that all hearts should be mine.
My heart that sang of sorrow now is still,
Hushed, hollow, hidden. Vengeance is avenged.
But me none master, whatsoe'er his might
No man escapes the secret snare of sense.
So I prevailed, and none elude my lure.
For this I praise thee.

SATAN

Yet methinks a tear
Has trembled for this tenderness so torn.
Her words strike chill, and in my heart a weight
Of weariness. O world, is this thy sum?

POET

Give me thy subtlety to snare with song.

SATAN UNBOUND

PRIESTS

Give us the wiles of all thy wickedness.

KINGS

Give us thy power to oppress the pride.

MERCHANTS

Protect us from all pitying of pain.

COURTESAN

Give me thy beauty and thy deep disdain.
Let none renounce, revile us for our shame.

POET

Within thy glory lies our glory, slaves,
We seek thy service, slaving all to thee.

SATAN

(descending the throne)

If ye be slaves, and I your Master, see
The might of me, in this that I alone
Hound ye and hunt ye from me, who despise
Servitude, hating all your hatefulness;
Ye who are held, and I whose helplessness
Has harbored ye.

SATAN UNBOUND

KING OF THE EAST

None may resist his wrath.

KING OF THE WEST

His might is master.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Let us then devise
Some deeper wickedness to please his will.

MERCHANT

We are unworthy, flee!

ALL

Hail, Satan, hail!

(Satan, with drawn sword, drives them from him. Only the Comrade remains.)

SATAN

Are these then men, is there in them a blood
That beats, or has my brain brought forth this
brood,
These doubts and these disasters, each a death
Of something dear, and something beautiful,
Song, worship, force, and love the light of all?
Am I become that Evil? Is there then

SATAN UNBOUND

A darkness that is more than absent light ?
Is Death a living thing ? Alas, alas,
The anguish of an immortality,
Aching along the yearning of my years.
I conjure ye, ye voices of the night,
Ye little leaves, ye waters murmuring,
Ye starry fields unfolding flowers of fire,
Life-forging forces, ay, I conjure ye,
Dim dreams, that haunt me with delusive dread,
Whisper the meaning of me, breathe my name,
Echo me up the past, what man am I ?

COMRADE

Satan, remember, and recall the curse,
O sinning slave of sacred Destiny,
Submit, and cease the cycle of thy pain !

SATAN

Now wave on wave, the sea of memory
Surges about me, lifts me, sweeps me on
Back to the dawn of days. The dream, the dream
Of passionate release from pulsing pain,
Of perfect peace.

COMRADE

The secret of the gods
By thee was given to man's ignorance.
See what a world has wrought and weigh it well.

SATAN UNBOUND

Man has undone thy might, and thou alas,
Art fallen to his flesh. Nor shall his soul
Soar upward to the spirit of thy dream.
With thee came sin, submit thee, sacrifice.

SATAN

Is there a ransom ?

COMRADE

Listen and obey.
Within the curse is hidden the escape.

SATAN

Is there an end to anguish, shall I heed
The little murmur of a mighty joy ?
For sorrow makes us shy of suffering.
I dare not. Yet say on.

COMRADE

Weigh well my words.
Deny the truths of Destiny, proclaim
That man is but a mortal, ignorant,
And wisdom but a weariness. Again,
Give back the secrets to the hidden gods.
For what avail great gifts to little lives ?
In recompense, rule thou and be, in truth,
Evil and Prince of Evil. Let that sin
Which is elusion be reality.
So the gods triumph, triumph thou in turn !

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Is evil not triumphant, people, priest,
Do they not worship wickedness?

COMRADE

And yet,

If there be one of these, but only one,
Demanding, and desiring, Destiny
To give him godhead, he shall still prevail.
A man's dreams are immortal, they endure
Within the matrix of Eternity,
They work their way, and are brought forth in
time.

Consider well this truce and wisely choose,
For by refusal, doomed art thou, until
That soul who knows not evil, brings release.
What cycles then of aimless cruelty
Shall capture thee, upon thy quest in vain?

SATAN

Smite me, and sunder me with suffering,
I will go forth to seek that soul. Again,
I do defy the gods to take the gift.
Here in myself I will absorb each sin,
Each suffering that plagues the race of man.

COMRADE

Woe, woe is thee and me, eternal woe,
Weeping and weariness of world on world!

SATAN UNBOUND

The surging sea will sob thy suffering,
Pulsating in thy pain. The wild winds sigh,
And moan about the mountains, murmuring
“ Pain, ever pain.” While drop by drop, the rain
Tender and tremulous with tears will seek
The bosom of the earth. So, secretly,
Spreads sorrow like a mist.

SATAN

Pain, ever pain!
I murmur not, let come what may, I wait.

(Enter right stage a Leper clothed in
rags and covered with a long dusty
coat, a staff in his hand.)

THE LEPER

Misery, misery, have pity, Prince!

SATAN

Who art thou, speak?

LEPER

My body is a wound
That scars my soul with ceaseless suffering.
I live, and death lives in my leprosy.
My purse is poor.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

O human misery!

O leper, lost to loveliness, whom life
Holds hard in tyranny, peace be with thee.
Give me thy cloak, so, let thy flesh have faith;
Disorder, and disease, and discord fear
The force concealed, the force we may reveal,
Yet understand not. Of the life of me,
I give thee life, and of my faith, the faith
To heal thee. Go, thy flesh is fair, yet, stay,
For I will take upon me misery,
And poverty, and every ill of man,
To expiate all human ignorance.

*(He casts away his crown and clothes
himself in the Leper's cloak, changing
his sword for the Leper's staff.)*

So will I journey, till I find that soul
Who knows not slavery, who knows not sin,
Denying evil, who demands, with me,
Of Destiny divinity for man.

(The beggar lingers.)

Not gone, not grateful, dumb, for all this good ?

LEPER

The greater ill remains, the deep disease
That breeds all others, see my purse is poor,

SATAN UNBOUND

So lack I food and fortune, heart and home,
Permitted only for a price.

*(Satan gives him money, and as he
fastens his wallet the Leper steals
his purse.)*

A fool!

A fair, fond, futile fool!
Fool's gold, fool's faith, fool's folly. Best away:
The saints protect me from his evil eye.

*(Exit the Leper crossing himself, as a
crowd rushes in left stage crying.)*

COMRADE

Master, what canst thou make of man?

SATAN

A god!

COMRADE

The hosts return, let them not see thy shame.

*(On every side the people come timidly
forward.)*

Our master is not here.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Still we would praise
The proud perfection of his power.

SATAN UNBOUND

KING OF THE WEST (*seeing Satan*)

Hist!

A beggar.

POET

Ouf! A beast.

MERCHANT

Go not too near,

He breeds pollution in our feast.

PRIEST OF THE WEST

Not so,

He tells our triumph. 'Tis a holy man
To be so plagued with every poverty.
Accost him. Father!

SATAN

Friends, where am I come?

KING OF THE WEST

In Satan's power.

SATAN

Who may Satan be?

POET

Mockery!

SATAN UNBOUND

MERCHANT

Blasphemy!

PRIEST OF THE WEST

Stupidity!

Worship the Prince of Evil, he who reigns
Above the earth, within the heart of man.

SATAN

There is no evil.

PRIEST OF THE WEST

Satan, Prince of Sin.

SATAN

There is no sin.

PRIEST OF THE WEST

What then?

SATAN

This, ignorance—!

While veil on veil obscures the growing good.

MERCHANT

Out on him.

PRIEST OF THE WEST

Who is Satan, canst thou say?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Illusion in your eyes, he in whose heart
Is understanding.

POET

Riddles !

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Rank revolt.

God even to the goodly is not great,
Unless he be at strife with Satan, sin.

POET

Worship upon thy knees, and wander on.

(He tries to force Satan to his knees.)

SATAN

I bend not, bow not.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Beggar, who art thou ?

SATAN

A god who gropes toward greatness like thyself.

MERCHANT

Tell us, oh wise man, each what fortune waits.

SATAN UNBOUND

KING OF THE WEST

Behold a King and tremble.

SATAN

Thou a King?

Who canst not rule thy slightest mad caprice?

KING OF THE EAST

A King whom all men fear.

SATAN

And this I say

That thou in turn shalt fear all men, and die
Of this thy fear, dragged down and down and down.

KING OF THE EAST

A living insolence that merits death!

PRIEST OF THE EAST

What fate is mine?

SATAN

I see the worm of pride
That breeds within thy heart, thy heart of hate.
I see thy shadow spread, obscuring God,
And yet I say the sun at last shall show
Thine emptiness.

SATAN UNBOUND

MERCHANT

What fate is mine?
Though these men vanish?

SATAN

Yet a poverty
Is in thy hungering for happiness,
And death shall steal thy gold, and time destroy
Thy tribe that long has triumphed over men.

COURTESAN

And I?

SATAN

Love flees thy lure, though all men yield,
Till loathing dispossesses loveliness.

PRIEST OF THE EAST

What man is he who mocks us?

PRIEST OF THE WEST

We are poor
Within his eyes, diminished in our own.

POET

What canst thou know of us, or Destiny?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Who may discern the hidden hand of Fate,
Or what wild way the sudden turning leads,
Or in what ambush lurks the fatal foe?
In riches, desolation, poverty,
And dread disease, unmake the force of man.
Therefore let arrogance not bid ye mock,
Yet in thy pride remember that the stars,
And every force that fills the firmament,
Attend thy going out, thy coming in.

POET

If these men be not great, O little man,
What then is greatness?

MERCHANT

Question not a fool.

SATAN

Nothing is little, nothing great, for each
Holds in its fragments something of the whole,
And through the finest fibre flows each force
That ebbs, and emanates, and is the god.

POET

Out, out on him. He shall be judged. Thy
name?

*(Satan draws himself up as if to dom-
inate them. Hunting horns sound
in distance.)*

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Satan !

POET

Avenge the gods this blasphemy.

(Satan with his staff tries to drive the multitude from him. He is easily disarmed and thrown on his knees.)

SATAN

What, am I prisoner of misery ?
Is my might fallen in this feeble flesh ?

POET

The hunt, the hunt, a living foe for prey !

KING OF THE EAST

A spear.

MERCHANT

A lash !

CAPTAIN

An arrow !

PRIEST OF THE EAST

Nay, a crown !

SATAN UNBOUND

PRIEST OF THE WEST

A mitre!

ALL

Satan, hail, defend thee, Prince!

(During this scene the hunting horns have come nearer and nearer. The hunters rush across the stage, joined by the crowd. Satan lashed on, goaded by spear and sword, is slowly driven out.)

POET

Hound on, and bait him, let the death cry be:
Satan, thou Prince of Evil, hail, all hail!

(The hunting horns sound the death. The stage is left empty for an instant, excepting for the Comrade, who cowers by the throne. Satan, wounded and bleeding, returns and falls at the foot of the throne.)

COMRADE

O Satan, yield thee unto Fate, be wise,
No god, no man, shall conquer Destiny.
Repent and be thou King, and reign again.
Become that evil which is triumphant.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN (*raising himself painfully*)

I curse thee, get thee hence.

(*The Comrade leaves him sorrowfully.*

*In the distance the hunting horns
sound joyfully, the multitude
rushes across the stage crying,
“Hail, Satan, Prince of Evil,
hail!”*)

Pain, ever pain!

CURTAIN

ACT III.

Early morning, just before dawn, in a cemetery in Paris. The towers of the city are seen in the distance. Back stage a high wall. Right stage a marble vault. Centre stage a freshly made grave. Here and there cypress trees. Left stage a path. Discovered Satan, a very old man clothed in modern rags. He wanders from grave to grave as if vainly seeking an escape from life. During the scene the stage brightens until at the end of the act there is full sunrise.

SATAN

We drift and drift, yet may not sink or die,
Nor harbor and be gone, but on and on
With secret currents, or resistless wind,
We wander from the wherefore to the why.
Is there a goal, is there a sudden sleep,
Is there a bourn to all this bitterness ?
And we, what make we here ? If this alone,
Hope held to beacon us, that day by day
We sow some secret seed, which Fate shall tend,
And flower into human happiness ;
Else were our life a futile mockery,
And immortality a dream,
Holding us helpless in our ignorance.

SATAN UNBOUND

Cycles and cities change, and centuries,
The wheel of time revolves, and turn by turn
Come ancient and forgotten vanities,
Yet no new thing of beauty or of joy.
A people's hecatomb of history
Leaves but a cloud of dust to mark its day;
And as the race, the man, his morning spent
In passionate acquiring. Pence on pence
He piles, and wrangles wretchedly for gold,
As sordid urchins bicker in the dust.
Gloated at last, from lust to lust he goes,
And poisoning with pleasure drugs his days,
From luxury to luxury allured,
So do the nations and the man decay,
Heedless of life, and every whispering force
That breathes about him, softly murmuring
Mysteries of his own immortal might.
O night, wherein all things await the day,
Mine eyes are dark, I suffer on and on,
Yet loosen not the sum of suffering—
What shapes of sorrow seek me, what are ye?

(During this scene four Phantoms have come slowly from behind the trees where they stand peering at Satan. They are the famous rebels, Socrates, Brutus, Mirabeau and Washington.)

SATAN UNBOUND

1ST PHANTOM

We are not men but memories of men,
Illusive apparitions that remain.
In death we die not, having dreamed thy dream
Of immortality.

SATAN

Why, this is well.

1ST PHANTOM

We anguish on, like shadows of a life
Existing, yet we live not, hour by hour
We curse thee, we, alas, who may not die,
We who endure!—

SATAN

What would ye then of me?

2ND PHANTOM

Make us as mortals, give us once again
The sudden sleep of death.

3RD PHANTOM

Take back thy lie
And cry there is no immortality.

SATAN UNBOUND

1ST PHANTOM

Pity our helplessness, too great the dream;
Yea, give us death indeed. We are but men,
Earth of the earth.

SATAN

Are ye not dead indeed,
A living image of that nothing, Death,
How know ye that ye live?

1ST PHANTOM

In that we suffer, life is, this we know.

SATAN

Each drop of blood weeps pity in my veins,
Mine eyes are tears that hide from me the light.

1ST PHANTOM

Deny.

2ND PHANTOM

Absolve me from the sin of hope.

3RD PHANTOM

Cursed thy gift and thy revolt.

SATAN (*shrinking from them*)

Away!

Ye vain temptations, ye disastrous doubts.

SATAN UNBOUND

1ST PHANTOM

Drive us not forth.

SATAN

What men in life were ye ?

2ND PHANTOM

We were the rebels.

3RD PHANTOM

Each man in his day

Lifted the torch of freedom in his land,
And stabbed at slavery of heart or hand.

2ND PHANTOM

Men called me Brutus, Cæsar I laid low
And, slaying friendship, smote his heart and mine
At one fell blow. Rome, what of Rome to-day ?
Is there not still a Cæsar, still a slave ?
If Cæsar's virtues die, his vice lives on,
And little men make mighty with a crown,
Parcelling power.

SATAN

What deed for men did ye ?

SATAN UNBOUND

3RD PHANTOM

Am I not he who to the march of kings
Triumphant in their tyranny cried: "Halt,"
So that no King again shall dare be king,
But wears alone the show of royalty
As actors may, oft trembling at night
To hear the wind that whispers, "Mirabeau!"
What of my deed, alas, what of my day,
For revolution riotous with blood
Blotted out freedom, rivers running red
Wrote on the earth the name Napoleon.
So slavery leads on to slavery.

4TH PHANTOM

I lighted men to long-loved liberty,
Kingless and crownless, still a conqueror
Baptized with blood a nation blessed at birth,
Freemen within a land for ever free.
They of their greatness, grinding gold on gold,
Fashioned a Moloch for their worshipping.
They sweat, they groan, they toil, they strive, they
slave,
Each man oppresses each, and over all
The multiple, the mighty multitude,
With prejudice and passion, snare on snare,
Binding their brothers, shout the old refrain
Arrogant, crying: *We alone are free!*

SATAN UNBOUND

1ST PHANTOM

Suffer us then to die, and cease the dream.

2ND PHANTOM

For we are damned, defying Destiny.

3RD PHANTOM

Where is the man, the nation that is free?

4TH PHANTOM

Lies, lies that lead us, idly on and on,
We who have seen the dream that will not die.

SATAN

Each word is like a wound where poison burns
And tortures. Shall I slay their hope, deny,
Submit, and sleep beyond the strife of sense,
Or dare despair? Are these then of my brain?
Doubts that would dwindle me, for well I know
No god, nor world of gods, nor master men
Destroy a man, unless he smite himself
With soul surrender.

1ST PHANTOM

Satan, give us peace.

SATAN UNBOUND

2ND PHANTOM

Deny.

Let man be man, submitted animal,
Vain hope of wisdom, immortality.

3RD PHANTOM

We wait thy word, we would revolt no more,
But sink to senselessness and henceforth sleep.

SATAN

A man's doubts are his foes and with decay
Like worms they work within, undoing all.
I, do I doubt, or have my tears obscured
The light within, and hid the world without.
Better I say the dream, if but a lie,
Than sworded truth if it were truth indeed.

3RD PHANTOM

The world of wretchedness denies thy truth.

4TH PHANTOM

Man is man's master, fate the foe of all.

SATAN

The dream, the dream, is all a mockery,
Vain aspiration, vain each wingèd hope!
Or is not thus the sole reality,
The matrix and the nucleus, this dream

SATAN UNBOUND

Born of our brains, our being, freed and free
And deathless, doomed to life when we are fled ?
And yet, and yet—? I will not doubt the dream,
I who trust not the doubt. Ye shapes, begone!

3RD PHANTOM

We lived in vain, and vainly did we die.
We gave our blood, we shed men's blood in vain.

SATAN

Ever, for ever blood, so have ye doomed
Unto disaster all that ye would do.
With violence none conquers violence.
With hate man fathers hate.

3RD PHANTOM

Shall not a man
Hate evil, smite a tyrant with revenge?

SATAN

So ye disarm the foe, and so become
The foe to freedom, falling on the sword
That armed the enemy. Thus ye in turn
Are conquered, never conquerors. Revolt?
Ye have not known revolt, ye little men,
A prey to passion, smiting pain with pain.
Conquest corrupts the conqueror. And ye,
Alas, ye see not, this the truth, the truth

SATAN UNBOUND

That he who stabs his hated enemy
Smites something sacred in himself, and wounds
Humanity. Which one is clear of blood?
Let him stand forth, to him I will reply.
Then let him judge of me, and of my dream,
Of my rebellion. Unto him I say,
Out of the humble shall come forth the great,
And everywhere the moving multitude
Shall wake and wonder, "Lo, I am a man,
"My master, and my brother's brother," so
Revolt shall come, revolt and discontent
That seeks some higher self, on, on and on.

3RD PHANTOM

Alas, alas, this too is but a dream.

(In the distance is heard a faint music.)

SATAN

Why, look ye, this is all a man may do:
Dream nobly, nobly do and ask no more,
Neither result, reward, nor recompense,
These come not in a day, no thing is lost,
And loveliness leads on to loveliness.
It is enough.

3RD PHANTOM

The dawn!

SATAN UNBOUND

4TH PHANTOM

Away, away!

(The Phantoms vanish, the stage lightens. The music comes nearer.)

SATAN

A music, and a murmur as of light
Breaks in upon my night, some secret song
Accompanies my words and wings them on,
Saying that which I would might be, alas,
If that it might be. Pain, for ever pain.
And yet the night is but the womb whereof
A new day and a new joy shall be born.
Is not the sun a symbol that the dark
Must droop and die? Disaster and despair
Yield to the light? Behold how ray on ray,
As little waves leap up along the shore,
Floods all the darkness. Like a breath of dawn
A maiden moves across this place of death.

*(A working girl comes down the path;
she carries in one hand a humble
bunch of flowers and on one arm
a lunch basket. She goes forward
toward the new-made grave without
seeing Satan.)*

I would not with my weariness destroy
The freshness of her fragrant faith in life.

SATAN UNBOUND

Yet I would speak with her and know her heart.
Maiden, be not afraid.

MAIDEN

Why should I fear,
The poor are rich in pity toward the poor!
I come to lay upon a comrade's grave
A flower.

SATAN

On my life thy loveliness
Has laid its healing beauty. He who died
Was loved, and yet no sorrow stains thy face?

MAIDEN

Peace is with him, with me, for well he died
In strife for peace, a workman smitten down
Opposing all oppression, war and death.
So dying, he has bought for others bread,
A crumb, but crumb by crumb we knead the loaf
Till none shall hunger, none shall be afraid.

SATAN

She cries not out against her pain, nor weeps
In wild revolt.

MAIDEN

But you, what do you here?
Deep in the damp, poor stranger, come away.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

I am a wanderer, no home is mine.

MAIDEN

How weak, how wretched, take this bread and eat,
This wine. I have not more to give, alas,
Slight fare, my noonday meal, but sweeter shared.

SATAN

Come not so near, beware of me, behold
These wounds and these. Know you not evil comes
To him who gives out goodness?

MAIDEN

Sorrow shared
Is sorrow halved, and heals the heart that gives.

SATAN

I have such need——

MAIDEN

What then is lacking most?

SATAN

Life! In my flesh there rages living death.
I am a leper, in the times gone by

SATAN UNBOUND

A child's blood, so men said, would cure this ill.
What if I sprang upon thee, with my teeth
Tore from thy flesh the blood to cleanse my pain?

(The Maiden wonderingly bares her arm and holds it out to him.)

No tremor tells of fear.

MAIDEN

Drink life again.

SATAN

O child, take back the sacred sacrifice.

MAIDEN

There is no pleasure such as healing pain.

SATAN

She fears not evil and she knows not sin.
Is this not still some snare of suffering,
Or shall she bring me ransom and release?
Still must I prove her.

MAIDEN

What thing may I do,
What else is lacking, stranger?

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Search my face,
Am I a mortal?

MAIDEN

Why, a man, what else?

SATAN

Look well upon me, I am he men hate,
The spirit of all evil, hatred's self.

MAIDEN

Sorrow and suffering will scar the soul,
Distort, disform the very mind of man,
And happiness alone can heal a man
And make him holy. Stranger, let us go.

SATAN

Go?

MAIDEN

Come with me, although my home be small
It is thy shelter.

SATAN

I! I share thy home?
I have no part in thy humanity.
Nor man, nor god am I, but one whose name

SATAN UNBOUND

Has ruled the centuries, Satan, a force,
The spirit of all evil, and the soul
Of evil through the ages, in revolt
Against the jealous force of Destiny.

MAIDEN (*laughing indulgently*)

Satan? A myth of priestcraft, and a snare
For cringing crowds.

SATAN

And evil, is that too
A myth, the hurt man does to man, the pain?
Is this not evil?

MAIDEN

Only ignorance,
Deep ignorance of good.

SATAN

Her words like balm
Drop, healing me of life and all its wounds.

MAIDEN

Yet once a man awoke and dared a dream,
Revolting at the littleness of man,

SATAN UNBOUND

Demanding from the hand of Destiny
Wisdom and knowledge of the good and ill.
He fell, as blinded by a light too great
For unawakened eyes. Yet all things grow
And come in season. So this too shall be,
And every force be subject to man's soul,
For in and through him grows the only good.

SATAN

What thing is needful for a man to do?

MAIDEN

Set ye a smile upon your lips to see
The follies of mankind. Shed ye a tear,
A tear of tenderness, for all their pain,
In pity of the evil that they do.
Rebel against all human misery,
Demanding joy for all, for all delight.
Impatient of perfection, on and on,
Each peacefully toward peace pursue the dream.

SATAN

A sudden joy has slain my suffering,
And I grow weak to know my freedom near.

MAIDEN

Lean all thy weariness upon my strength.

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Immortal sight is mine, this thing I know—
I too am Destiny, and must prevail.
So pain and discord and revolt drive on
A man to seek some better state, some goal.
The dream to-day, to-morrow lives and leads
On, on and on ; so I, I too have been
A working and a way of Destiny.

(The music which has from time to time come nearer bursts out with full force now, bringing the voices of a multitude of men singing the Internationale.)

What march of men is trembling the earth,
What song is pulsing life, what joy is near ?

MAIDEN

The humble, the high-hearted who with hope
War against war, opposing pride with peace,
And calling the oppressor brother, come
To pay a tribute to the Comrade's grave.
They sing the song of life, of liberty.

(The workmen, in their everyday clothes, are seen coming down the path. Satan, realizing that his task is done, slips to the earth.)

SATAN UNBOUND

SATAN

Let thy lips sweeten sleep, my time is come.

(With the help of the maiden he struggles to his feet.)

Not thus, but as a conqueror I rise
To greet the future, and the victory.

(Satan dies, standing, as the song stops abruptly; when the men see him, they come forward as he slips to the ground from the maiden's arms.)

A WORKMAN

What man is this?

MAIDEN

What matters it, *a man,*
Bury in him all human suffering,
And set your faces to salute the dawn.

(While certain workmen force open the gate of the vault, others lift Satan tenderly and place him within the vault. They stand with bare heads about the humble grave of the workman, and each lays on it a flower. Absolute silence for a moment, and then, as if suddenly

SATAN UNBOUND

wakening, they pick up their shovels and pickaxes and shoulder-ing them, start off towards their work singing to the music of the Internationale the following song.)

COMRADES

Comrades, a hymn of our hopeful humanity,
Father of all of the gods of the future,
Neither a song for the idle nor cowardly
Lurking in luxury, hidebound in prejudice ;
Nay, but a song for our children's own children,
Wiser than we who are weak in our wondering.—
Facing the foe, we combative, provocative,
Peaceful and passionate, bountiful builders.
Ever rebellious, and ever revolting,
We discontented with all but perfection,
Levelling caste, yea and lifting the lowliest ;
Breaking the barriers, bursting the boundaries.
Knowing not nations, nor class in its crippliŋ,
Woman as man sacred, sanctified, beautiful,
Comforting, even compelling with brotherhood,
Scoffing denial, assertive and clamorous,
Hateful of hatred, and loving all loveliness,
Damning the sin, and the sorrow of suffering,
Riotous toward resignation and sacrifice,
Wresting from nature, our mother, our murderer,
Life for the living, delight and the joy thereof !
Healing the heart of man's hate with our happiness,

SATAN UNBOUND

Seeking the God that is deep in the depths of us—
Groping and growing toward greatness, in littleness,

We who are chanting the hymn of humanity,
Hearing the wind of the world whisper, “Comrades!”

CURTAIN

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